



Santa Speaks:

**“Chillin’ by your chimney,
smoking out...it’s all cool.”**



DC SantArchy 2008



**Oh Noes!
Santaaaaaaa!**

SANTARCHY!

Table of Contents

A Santa's Life For Me	2
Away On A Bender	8
Chipmunks Roasting on an Open Fire	21
Crashing Through the Snow	7
Deck My Balls	4
Dreidel	18
Favorite Things	7
God Rest Ye Merry Heretics	10
Here Comes Some Santa Claus's	19
Hit The Malls	22
Huff the Nitrous Angels Sing	4
Jingle Bells, Let's Raise Hell	17
Just Another Drunken Santacon	19
Krishna Santa	9, 14
Let It Flow	8
Let It Snow	15
O Come All Ye Faithless	25
O Come All Ye Perverts	22
O Come All Ye Santas	20
O Horny Night	12
Police Navidad	5
Rudolph the Red Hosed Reindeer	6
Santa is Invading Your Town	9
Silent Night, Welfare Night	2
Silver Shells	23
What the Ho? A Short SantArchy History Lesson	18
The Christmas Song	15
Top Ten Excuses For This...Thing	12
Top Ten Santa/Elf Pick-up Lines	30
Twelve days of Christmas	23
Walkin' Round in Women's Underwear	24
We Are The Santa Rampage	20
We Drink Beer	11
Winter Wonderland	9
We Wish You'd Get Out of Our Way	5
We Wish You a Merry Christmas	11, 21
When the Santas Come Marching In	8
White Trash Wonderland	3
Wreck the Halls	6
You'd Better Watch Out	20

This songbook belongs to:

(Scrawl your Santa name here, you drunk!)

Top Ten Santa Pick-Up Lines

1. Hey Baby, ever do it in a sleigh?
2. I've got something you can hang a wreath on!
3. I've got something special in the sack for you!
4. Ever make it with a fat guy with a whip?
5. Hey baby...when was the last time you had a good sleigh?
6. Some of my best toys run on batteries... (wink wink)
7. No, that's not a candy cane in my pocket and I am glad to see you!
8. I see you when you're sleeping - and you don't wear any underwear, do you?
9. Screw the "nice" list--I've got you on my "naughty" list!
10. I got your stocking stuffer right here, sugar!

Top Ten Elf Pickup Lines

1. "I'm down here, and so are my tits!"
2. "Just because I've got bells on my shoes doesn't mean I'm a sissy."
3. "I'm hung like a reindeer!"
4. "No, I'm not from the World of Warcraft. Those elves are imaginary"
5. "I have certain needs that can't be satisfied by working on toys."
6. "I'm a magical being. Wanna see your bra and panties disappear?"
7. "No, no. I don't bake cookies. You're thinking of those dipshits over at Keebler."
8. "Get a thimbleful of tequila in me and I turn into a wild man."
9. "You'd look great in a Raggedy Ann wig."
10. "I'm only small when I'm standing up."



O Come All Ye Faithless

O come all ye faithless
to your church on Christmas.
O come ye, O come ye on Easter too.
Come and pretend
that you're really Christian.
Just let the preacher bore you,
just act like you still mean it,
just show up once on Christmas
for chrissakes.

Sing, choirs of sinners,
Sing in expectation
Oh, sing, oh sing, like Jesus H. Christ.
Glory to God
who will damn you all:
Just let the preacher bore you,
just act like you still mean it,
just show up once on Christmas
for chrissakes.

Oh mall we come to shop now
on this pagan day.
Gawd, oh Gawd, you must be quite mad.
See the football team
Now some blood is spurting:
Just let the preacher bore you,
just act like you still mean it,
just show up once on Christmas
for chrissakes.

O come all ye faithless
to your church on Christmas.
O come ye, O come ye on Easter too.
Come and pretend
that you're really Christian.
Just let the preacher bore you,
just act like you still mean it,
just show up once on Christmas
for chrissakes.

Silent night welfare night

Silent night, welfare night
All are sloshed, all are tight
Ain't no virgins, just winos and thieves
Fast asleep in a heap of debris
Sleep in darkness and freeze
Sleep in darkness and freeze

A Santa's Life For Me

Ho Ho, Ho Ho, a Santa's life for me.
We pillage and plunder, we rifle and loot.
Drink up me Santas, Ho Ho.
We kidnap and ravage and don't give a hoot.
Drink up me Santas, Ho Ho.

Ho Ho, Ho Ho, a Santa's life for me.
We extort and pilfer, we filch and sack.
Drink up me Santas, Ho Ho.
Maraud and embezzle and even highjack.
Drink up me Santas, Ho Ho.

Ho Ho, Ho Ho, a Santa's life for me.
We kindle and char and inflame and ignite.
Drink up me Santas, Ho Ho.
We burn up the city, we're really a fright.
Drink up me Santas, Ho Ho.

We're rascals and scoundrels, we're villians and knaves.
Drink up me Santas, Ho Ho.
We're devils and black sheep, we're really bad eggs.
Drink up me Santas, Ho Ho.

We're beggars and blighters and ne'er do-well cads,
Drink up me Santas, Ho Ho.
Aye, but we're loved by the Strippers in bars,
Drink up me Santas, Ho Ho.
Ho Ho, Ho Ho, a Santa's life for me!

Whitetrash Wonderland

Oh by the way, hey did you know,
Tomorrow night, we're playin bingo
It's a beautiful sight we're goin bowling tonight
We're walkin in a white trash wonderland.
Down the plant, we got the day off
Cuz the foreman got his payoff
We're drinkin all day, then whizzin away
We're walkin in a white trash wonderland.
Let me tell ya somethin at this time hon
White trash is da only way to be
While you're at it you should get your hair done
And bleach it blonde so all the folks'll see.
We're gettin Hazel ta make some eggnog
In the fireplace, we'll burn a fake log
Little Butchie will cry, he don't like pumpkin pie
We're walkin in a white trash wonderland
Joey's home from the service
and his girlfriend is gettin nervous
While he was at sea, she contracted VD
They're walkin in a white trash wonderland.
You can make an ornament from a Bud Can
And then yous can hang it from the tree
'Sherry are you pregnant?,' she'll say, 'No Man
But I'm thirteen so ain't it time to be?'
We're callin Donnie up in jail
We're raising money to post his bail
Our neighbor is cranked and uncle Jimmy is tanked
We're walkin in a white trash wonderland (2x)



Walkin' Round In Women's Underwear

Lacy things -- the wife is missin',
Didn't ask -- her permission,
I'm wearin' her clothes,
Her silk pantyhose,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.
In the store -- there's a teddy,
Little straps -- like spaghetti,
It holds me so tight,
Like handcuffs at night,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.
In the office there's a guy named Melvin,
He pretends that I am Murphy Brown.
He'll say, "Are you ready?" I'll say, "Whoa, Man!"
"Let's wait until our wives are out of town!"
Later on, if you wanna,
We can dress -- like Madonna,
Put on some eyeshade,
And join the parade,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear!
Lacy things... missin',
Didn't ask... permission,
Wearin' her clothes,
Her silk pantyhose,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear!



Twelve days of Christmas

(remembering to emphasise 5 Double Bourbons, as in 5 golden rings)

On the first day of Christmas my true love bought for me:
A big ass pitcher of beer

On the second day of Christmas my true love bought for me:
2 Rum and Cokes
and a Big Ass Pitcher of Beer

...

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love bought for me:

12 – Tequila Slammers
11 - Mind Erasers
10 - Shots of Absinthe
9 - Remy Martins
8 - Vodka Tonics
7 - Margaritas
6 - Gin and Juices
5 - Double Bourbons
4 - Shots of Jack
3 - Girly Drinks
2 - Rum and Cokes
and a Big Ass Pitcher of Beer!

Silver Shells

City sidewalks, bloody sidewalks,
slick with holiday gore,
in the air there's a smell of explosives.
Children wailing, people screaming,
as they run for their lives,
from the gunman who has taken the store.
Silver bells, shotgun shells,
It's Christmas time in the city.
Rink ka-chink, hear them ring,
Today is your last Christmas day.

Huff! The Nitrous Angels Sing

Huff! The Nitrous Angels Sing
Glory to the Whipped Cream King
Peace on Earth and wah-wahs wild
Suck it up in legal style
Berkeley Farms and Redi-Whip
Really gave us all a trip
Lechter's sells 'em by the case
Suck some down and lose your face
NOS! The Nitrous Angels Sing
Glory to the Whipped Cream King!

Deck My Balls

Deck my balls with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la, la la la.
Tap the keg, inflate the dolly,
Fa la la la la, la la la.
Don we now our rubber panties,
Fa la la la la, la la la.
We're a bunch of twisted Santies,
Fa la la la la, la la la.
Naughty girls are such a treasure,
Fa la la la la, la la la.
These North Poles were made for pleasure,
Fa la la la la, la la la.
Fucked the elves, fucked all the reindeer,
Fa la la la la, la la la.
Fuck the cookies, bring us COLD BEER!
Fa la la la la, la la la.



Police Navidad

Police Navidad...Police Navidad...Police Navidad
Prospero Año y Policidad.
I wanna wish you a Merry Christmas
You got the right to remain silent
I wanna wish you a Merry Christmas
From the barrel of my gun.
Police Navidad...Police Navidad...Police Navidad
Prospero Año y Policidad.
I wanna wish you a Merry Christmas
You got the right to remain silent
I wanna wish you a Merry Christmas
From the barrel of my gun.

We Wish You'd Get Out of Our Way

We wish you'd get out of our way
We wish you'd get out of our way
We wish you'd get out of our way
In the parking structure
Good tidings we bring
To you and yours
Unless you're in front of us
At the cash register
Repeat



Hit The Malls

Hit the malls with sticky fingers
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
'Tis the season to be stealin'
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Don we now our free apparel.
Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la
Feel the ancient Yuletide peril
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Store detectives look for losers
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Grab the goods and hit the exit
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Follow me in guilty pleasure
Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la
While we rip off Yuletide treasure.
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Fast away the booster passes
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
While the store cop passes gasses
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Puttin' goodies in our pockets
Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la
Can't afford the X-mas tchotchkas.
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

O come all ye pervert

O come all ye perverts
Come and have an orgy
O come ye, o cum ye
In brothels galore
Come and get plastered
And let's find some ho-girls
O come let us enjoy them
O come let us enjoy them
O come let us enjoy them
In brothels galore

We Wish You A Merry Xmas (Version 1)

We wish you a merry Xmas,
We wish you a merry Xmas,
We wish you a merry Xmas
Now bring us some beer.
We won't go until we get some,
We won't go until we get some,
We won't go until we get some
So bring some right here.

(Repeat as often as necessary with staunch determination
until desired result is achieved)

Chipmunks Roasting on an Open Fire

Chipmunks roasting on an open fire,
Jack Frost ripping up your nose.
Yuletide carolers being thrown in the fire,
And folks dressed up like buffaloes.
Everybody knows a turkey slaughtered in the snow,
Helps to make the season right.
Tiny tots with their eyes all gouged out,
Will find it hard to see tonight.
They know that Santa's on his way,
He's loaded lots of guns and bullets on his sleigh.
And every mother's child is sure to spy,
To see if reindeer really scream when they die.
And so I'm offering this simple phrase,
To kids from one to ninety two.
Although it's been said many times, many ways,
Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas,
Fuck you!



Wreck the Halls

Wreck the halls with bricks and hammers
Fa-la-la-la-la la-la-la-la
'cause we're so mad at the landlord
Fa-la-la-la-la la-la-la-la
Don we now our shrapnel jackets
Fa-la-la fa-la-la la-la-la
Get the weapons, let 'im have it
Fa-la-la-la-la la-la-la-la

Rudolph the Red Hosed Reindeer

Rudolph the red-hosed reindeer
had a very shiny hose
and if you ever saw it,
you would really say oh WHOH-OH!
All of the other reindeer,
used to cringe and call him names (like Stiffy)
they never let poor Rudolph
play any kinky reindeer games (you're too big!)
Then one foggy Christmas eve
Missus Santa came to say,
Rudolph with your hose so right
wont'cha hose me down tonight?
Then how the reindeer loved her
and as they shouted out in glee
(Santa came in to say)
Rudolph you're History
Rudolph you're history



Crashing thru the snow

Crashing through the snow
In a one horse open sleigh
O'er the cliff we go
Shrieking all the way
Bells and sirens ring
Marking where we crashed
They put us in intensive care
They don't think we will last
Jingle bells, funeral bells,
Ringing all the way
Oh what fools we were to ride
In that one horse open sleigh
Jingle bells, funeral bells,
Ringing all the way
Oh what fools we were to ride
In that one horse open sleigh

Favorite Things

Halogen up lights and big-muscled fellas
Pink puffy draperies and drinks with umbrellas
Brown Puerto Rican boys tied up with string
These are a few of my favorite things
Penthouse magazine and silicone breasts
Girls dressed in leather with tats on their chests
Blonde lesbo orgies, a quick mid-day fling,
These are a few of my favorite things.
When the whip cracks (oww)
when the cane stings (ooo)
When I'm feeling bad
I just think of a few of my favorite things,
and then I get hard...for Dad.



We Are The Santa Rampage

We are the Santa Rampage, We are the Santa Rampage,
We are the Santa Rampage, Now give us some Beer!
We want some Beer Pudding, We want some Beer Pudding,
We want some Beer Pudding, but we'll settle for Beer.
We won't go until we get some. We won't go until we get some.
We won't go until we get some. Have we mentioned the beer?!

You Better Watch Out

You better watch out, get out if you can.
A red suited menace is sweeping the land.
Coz Santa Clauses are coming to town.

Get out of the way of our fake black boots.
We're flooding the city with cheap red suits!
Santa Clauses are coming to town

we know what you've been up to. You've made the naughty list.
So cut us in for our fair share, you don't want these Santas Pissed

OOHHHH, get out of the way of our red suited wave
Is this anyway for St Nick to behave.
When Santa Clauses HAVE COME TO TOWN!!!

O Come all ye Santas

O come, all ye Santas, Joyful and a bit drunk,
O come ye, O come ye to WallMart;
Come and behold him, Born the King of Christmas;
O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,
O Come, let us adore him, Sa - anta Claus.

Sing, choirs of Santas, Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Sa - antarchy;
Glory to Santa, In the highest;
O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,
O Come, let us adore him, Sa - anta Claus.

Here Comes Some Santa Claus's

Here comes a Santa Claus, There goes a Santa Claus
Right through Farragut Square!
Many are weaving, some are heaving, that ones missing teeth!!
Amidst the red suited whirlwind, one flashed my girlfriend,
That just doesn't seem right.
But as they say, it'll be OK, Coz Santa Claus came tonight!"
(pelvic thrust at "came tonight")
[Group then softly hums Verse as we introduce ourselves.
Then we all sing together:]
"But as they say, it'll be OK, Coz Santa Claus came tonight!"
(pelvic thrust at "came tonight")

Just Another Drunken Santacon

Drunken Santas, will be reelin. No pain will they be feelin!
Red suits will be stained, from the booze that they've drained.
Just another Drunken Santacon!!

You can tell, they've been drinking,
Pretty soon, they'll be stinkin
Drunk as a mule, with a beard full of drool
Just another Drunken Santacon!!

Have you ever seen this many Santas?
Stumblin and a' lookin like a fool?
Don't you wish that you could be a Santa?
Smokin and a' drinkin, being cool?

Why we're out here, is Just Because!
We are rebels, with a Claus.
So grab a suit and beard.
Come on and get weird
Join us on a Drunken Santacon!!



Let it Flow

The weather outside is frightful, but the beer inside's delightful.
And since we've no place to go,
Let it Flow, Let it Flow, Let it Flow!

Oh we show no signs of stopping, and now we're really hopping.
And the lights are turned way down low.
Let it Flow, Let it Flow. Let it Flow!!

When we finally drink it dry, how we hate going back to the store.
Maybe we'll just get high, and all fall asleep on the floor!!

Oh the party is slowly dying.
And our friends have all stopped buying.
Now my bladder really wants to know.
Where to go, Where to go, Where to go???

When the Santas Come Marching In

Oh when the Santas,
come marching in,
all wearing red and drinking gin.
You'd better stand back, Mr. Shopper,
When the Santas come marching in

Away on a bender

Away on a bender, been sick on the bed,
the drunken old Santa lays down his sweet head.
The stars over Dupont look down where he lay,
The pissed up old Santa asleep on the drain.
The in-laws are scrappin', the baby awakes,
But drunken old Santa no crying he makes.
I love thee, old Santa! But zip up your fly,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.
Be near me, my Santa; I ask thee to stay
Close by me forever, you are my best mate.
Bless all the dear bottles in thy tender care,
Invite us to sit down, and please let us share.

Santa Is Invading Your Town

You better break out
The Bourbon and Rye
Tequila and Gin
I'm telling you why
Santa is invading your town
He sees you when you're naked
And when you're smoking pot
And when you're masturbating
Ev'n when you cop a squat, so:
You better break out
The Bourbon and Rye
Tequila and Gin
I'm telling you why
Santa is invading your town

Winter Wonderland

Dish out lines, I am listening
Chug the booze, snow is glistening
It's cold, that's alright
We'll get some tonight
Screwing in a winter wonderland
At the outhouse we can build a snowman
And pretend that he is Parson Brown
He'll say are you married, we'll say no man
But we just fornicate and fool around
Later on, we'll perspire
As we fuck by the fire
And face unafraid the mess that we've made
Screwing in a winter wonderland

Krishna Santa chant

Father Christmas, Father Christmas
Christmas Christmas, Father Father
Christmas Father, Christmas Father
Father Father, Christmas Christmas
(repeat until bored)

What the Ho? A Short SantArchy History Lesson

Every December, for the last 12 years, Cacophonous Santas have been visiting cities around the world and generating a bit of naughty Christmas fun as part of the annual Santacon events. It all started back in 1994 when several dozen Cheap Suit Santas paid a visit to downtown San Francisco for a night of Kringle Kaos. Things have reached Critical Xmas and Santarchy is now a global phenomenon.

Dreidel (no need for a dirty version...)

I have a little dreidel, I made it out of clay
And when it's dry and ready, Then dreidel I shall play.

Chorus:

Dreidel, dreidel, deride;, I made it out of clay,
Dreidel, dreidel, dreidel; Then dreidel I shall play.

It has a lovely body, With legs so short and thin,
And when it is all tired It drops and then I win.

(chorus)

Dreidel, dreidel, dreidel; With legs so short and thin
Oh dreidel, dreidel, dreidel; It drops and then I win.

(chorus)

My dreidel's always playful; It loves to dance and spin
A happy game of dreidel; Come play, now let's begin.

Oh dreidel, dreidel, dreidel; It loves to dance and spin.
Oh dreidel, dreidel, dreidel Come play now, let's begin.



Jingle Bells, Let's Raise Hell

Jingle Bells, Let's raise hell.
Santa sluts unite!
Bondage gear and lots of beer,
Are all we need tonight.
Jingle bells, let's raise hell!
We're horny and naughty!
So cum and sit on Santa's lap,
And get your gift for free!

Dashing through the streets,
With one thing on our mind.
We'll tie you up with tinsel and
Spank your sweet behind! ho ho ho...
Cat O'nine-tails sing,
While slicing through the air.
Drop your pants or raise your skirt,
And lose that underwear!!
(repeat chorus)
(pelvic thrust at "came tonite")



21

God Rest ye Merry Heretics

God rest ye merry heretics,
Let nothing you dismay.
Remember there's no evidence
There was a Christmas Day.
When Christ was born is just not known,
No matter what they say.

Glad tidings of logic and fact; logic and fact.
Glad tidings of logic and fact.

There was no star of Bethlehem;
There was no angel song.
There could have been no Wise Men
For the journey was too long.
The stories in the Bible
Are Historically wrong.

Glad tidings of logic and fact; logic and fact.
Glad tidings of logic and fact.

Much of our Christmas customs
Come from Persia and from Greece.
From solstice celebrations
Of the ancient Middle East.
We know this so-called "Holy Day"
Is but a Pagan feast.

Glad tidings of logic and fact; logic and fact.
Glad tidings of logic and fact.



10

We Drink Beer (to the tune of Jingle Bells)

We drink Beer
We drink Beer
We drink it all the day
Oh what fun it is to drink, a case of Beer each day

We Wish You a Merry Christmas (Version 2)

We Wish You A Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas;
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Good tidings we bring if you bring us gin;
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Oh, bring us some friggin' peanuts;
Oh, bring us some friggin' peanuts;
Oh, bring us some friggin' peanuts and a cup of good beer.

Good tidings we bring if you bring us gin;
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We won't go until we get drunk;
We won't go until we get drunk;
We won't go until we get drunk, so bring us cold beer.

Good tidings we bring if you bring us gin;
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We wish you a Merry Christmas;
We wish you a Merry Christmas;
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New year



Krishna Santa chant

(to be sung especially when spotting Hare Krishna disciples or when moving en-masse.
Sing a "Harry Potter" version when outside toy shops)

Father Christmas
Father Christmas
Christmas Christmas
Father Father
Christmas Father
Christmas Father
Father Father
Christmas Christmas

(repeat until bored)



The Christmas Song

Claymore bursting on perimeters,
shrapnel ripping through the snow,
Santa Claus clutching a hole in his side,
and elf parts with mistletoe.
Looks like Santa didn't know the password,
or maybe Rudolph tripped a wire,
there's bloody toys and goodies,
all roasting in the fire,
in what was Santa's sleigh.
Napalm streaming out of F-16s,
tracers light up the sky,
that'll teach you a lesson, you fat S.O.B.,
Merry Christmas, now die!

Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Let It Snow

Well the traffic outside is frightful
But the drugs are so delightful
And since we've got lines to blow
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow
George W. scored us an eightball
And we're feelin' 50 feet tall
Still higher we wanna go
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow
(Melody changes)

When we finally lick the mirror
We can really start chuggin' the beer
And when we tap out the keg
We will start gnawing your leg
Yes the traffic outside is frightful
But the drugs are so delightful
And since we've got lines to blow
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.



19

Top ten excuses to the question "why?" and/or "what?"

- 10) Christmas time is very stressful for Santa and he needs to blow off a little steam. And drink a metric shitload of beer.
- 9) We're an elite team embarked on one final mission to determine who has been naughty and who has been nice.
- 8) We're unemployed Elvis impersonators in search of a better gig.
- 7) Santa couldn't possibly do this thing alone - we're the hired help.
- 6) Santa needs sophisticated adult entertainment...screw that cookies and milk shit!
- 5) We're rejects from the local mall Santa search.
- 4) If we don't keep doing this **THE TERRORISTS WIN!!!**
- 3) We heard this was a good gig for somebody who wants girls to sit on his lap and talk about being naughty.
- 2) Were bored and looking for someone to take it out on.
- 1) If you want presents this year you'll stop asking so many questions.

Oh Horny Night

Oh horn-y night, The bars are brightly shi-ning, It is the night...that we
all...get a piece.

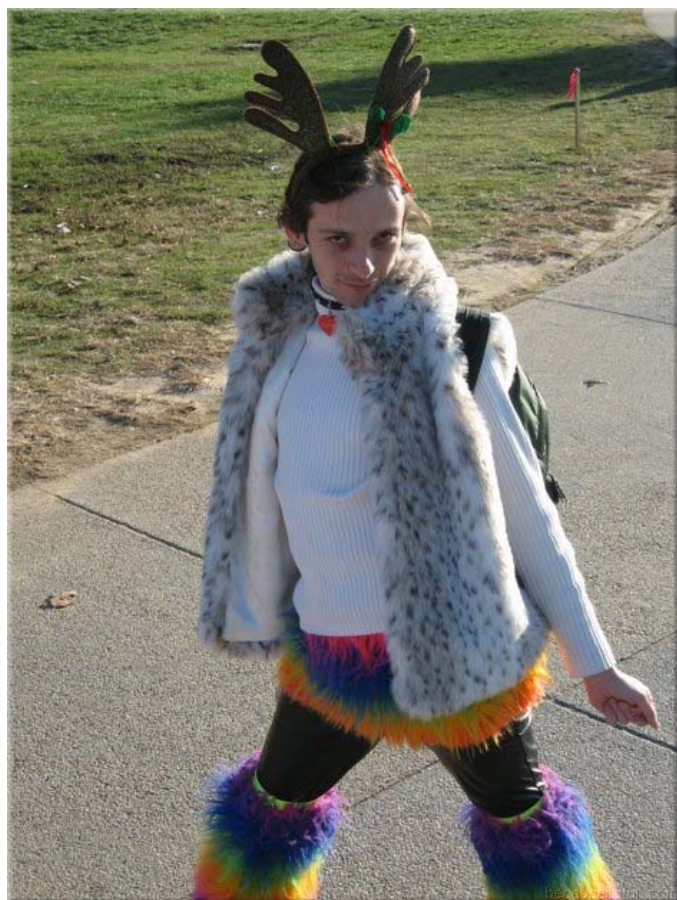
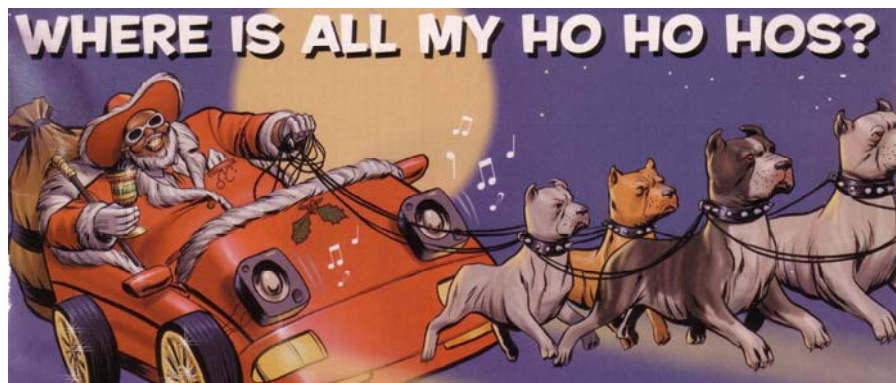
Long lay we all, Alone and masturba-ting, Until we cheered
debauchery that set us free.

The thrill of the hunt, The naughty santas play-y, We sa-tis-fy our
urges this fine day-y

Fall...on your knees, And blow...me straight to hea-ven, Oh ni-ight
divine, Oh-h night we got it on, Oh night...divine, Oh-h night Oh horny
night



12



13



18



Santa's Rules:

1. Be Jolly.
2. Holiday apparel is mandatory. A Santa hat is not enough. Get a Santa suit. Buy a Santa suit. Make a Santa suit. Steal a Santa suit. If you don't have any money, be creative. If you don't have any creativity, slap yourself three times and ask your mom to help you. Glue cotton balls to red long johns. Make it purple. Make it pink. Make it plaid. Already have a Santa suit? Bring spare parts for the Santafication of strangers. Past examples: Santa Claws, Santa Garcia, Santa's naughty little helper, misfit toy, elf, Grinch, angel, Jesus, snowman, nutcracker, reindeer. Shit -- last year we had a chicken, a panda, a bunny, and a gay french monkey, so we're pretty flexible here.
3. Twisting the holiday paradigm until it screams for mercy is fun! Getting arrested is not. Santa Claus is friendly, respectful, and cooperative with cops, security guards, park rangers, secret service agents, and store owners and doesn't break any laws!!! "Disorderly Conduct" is not a city in China. Have your own special twisted fun, but **DON'T FUCK IT UP FOR THE REST OF US**. Our santas do not destroy property, steal merchandise, or do harm to others. The authorities and local businesses usually take Santa's antics in the loving holiday spirit Santa intends, so be nice to them. (except Union Station rent-a-cops -- they suck).

Santa's Reminders:

1. The "schedule" is open to liberal interpretation by Santa at all times. Unlike many cities, DC has no pre-planned list of stops (it's Santarchy, not Santa-barcrawl). There is no Santa in charge to call. If you can't show up for the start, get the cell number of someone who can help you catch up later.
2. Santa does not make children cry. Really - If you see kids, give them nice toys, candy, or something pleasant. (Feel free to abuse their parents.)

3. Santa dresses for all occasions. It's December. Smart Santas wear multiple costume layers. Dress to maximize merriment whether singing Xmas carols in the snow, or swinging from a stripper pole.
4. Santa doesn't whine! We will be outside much of the early day and covering a lot of ground on foot -- bring enough "snacks" to keep your pie-hole filled until we get indoors.
5. Bring gifts -- NAUGHTY gifts to give grown ups; NICE stuff to give kids. Throwing coal at the white house is discouraged (see RULE #3 above).
6. Watching Santa get drunk and obnoxious is fun. Babysitting Santa while they vomit in an alley is not. Don't be that Santa.
7. Pay your own god damn bar tab. Tip the bartenders generously for putting up with us.
8. Memorize these answers to important questions that may arise:

Q: Who's in charge? A: Santa. **Q: What organization are you with?** A: Santa. **Q: What are you protesting?** A: Shitty holiday parties. (note: WE ARE NOT PROTESTERS!! We'd need a permit for that - and something serious to complain about...) **Q: How did you get here?** A: A sleigh and eight tiny reindeer **Q: Where are you going next?** A: I'm only allowed to tell you if you wear this hat and buy me a beer.

